



Spring  
1944

The  
Corradini



MISS NANCY KIRBY chooses this lovely  
*Dinner Dress from*  
*Our Dramatic Spring Collection*

**MONTALDO'S**

# C O R A D D I

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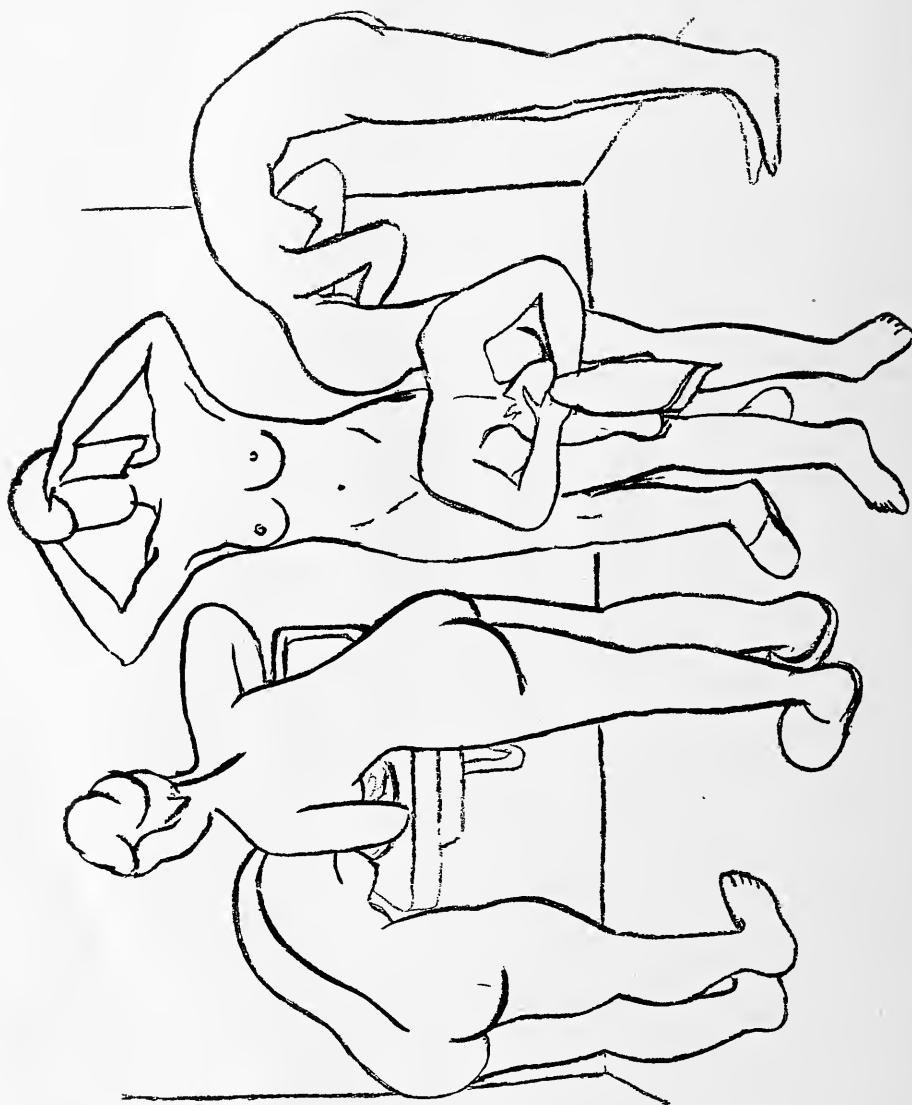
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# BREAKING GROUND

CORADDI itself is breaking ground this spring. In an effort to make room in the new thinner issue for more stories, articles, and poetry, art work has been eliminated. The secondary objective of the stream-lined issue is to save money.

The cover, personifying spring on the campus, was taken by Betty Baker, the English major with the camera. The models are Hannah Beard and Wimpy Cuddlepet, who live in a room in Kirkland basement labelled Philthy's Bar. The gay umbrella above them belongs to the editor. (Thank you, Mrs. B.—we'll return it, really we will.)

The editorial board submits the frontispiece by Johnston with some pride, and hopes you like it, too. We think its quality makes this otherwise artless issue all right.

Irene Kossow, the Russian-born home economist, breaks ground with an arresting story of pre-war Berlin, "The Facts of Life." Kossow lived in Berlin; she also lived in Paris and Moscow, and, because of that background and ample ability to put it over, we shall look forward to further contributions from her. Those who know her like to pronounce her name as the Russians would say it: Eeraynuh Kawsovah.

And you remember Jorgenson; CORADDI's readers always do. The two poems in this issue bear us out in our contention that her work is sensitive, poignant, delicate, and that consistently.

The editor, the associate editor, and the managing editor each read "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus," by Margaret Wheeler; they said, "We must have it in CORADDI." "But it's sort of long," someone suggested timidly. "We won't cut it, either," the editors said belligerently. Wheeler, a junior English major, is the news editor of the *Carolinian* and has, obviously, a way with words. We hope she'll break into fiction again and often.

"Look here," we said to Maudie Wenkenbach, junior Weil-dweller, sociology major, "we don't quite understand modern dance, and we want you to tell us about it. An article, maybe?" Maudie nodded, so we

trotted happily away. Maudie gave us "Baile Moderna (II)," and we blinked. On reading, we decided that it covers the case better than prose could. There might be some sort of moral in that, but we aren't sure.

Versatile Toni Lupton, senior art major, makes her debut in prose with Hink Flax-wail. She reappears in verse; she also had a hand in the cover and in discovering the frontispiece. CORADDI will miss her indeed. You knew, of course, about her engagement ring; they come from the ends of the campus—Hinshaw to Mary Foust—to behold it. Elizabeth Fant celebrates becoming an English major by giving us "Forest Mood" and "Breathing Is Easy."

Ilene Israel and Margaret Bilyeu compiled Camp to Campus. We only hope that our letters to our warriors are half so happy and animated; we think theirs get better all the time. Dorothy Arnette and Dare Blalock submit Faculty Footnotes, CORADDI's contribution to the theory that brilliant people always have a sense of humor.

Distinguished Nancy Kirby, our poet-president, gives "To Michael." Kirby needs no introduction, no recommendation, so we are making a confession; we mutter lines of her poetry because we like the sound of it. Past mutters include, "I weep for those who wait and hate and hate to die;" ". . . clear sky of my joy"; "O God I say in the morning, O God I say when the sun is shining . . ." And now we mutter, with the same savor, "My lord, my lover . . ."

Jean Johnson's handsome review of *No Day of Triumph*, the Mayflower Cup novel of the year testifies to Jean's ability as critic, writer, and sociologist. Personally, we're going to read it—the book reviewed, that is.

And then, as always, there's Dilts. She says she would have called her opus of this issue "Bachelor of Arts"—except that the degree she expects to receive in June is Bachelor of Science in Home Economics. "That's how I found out about the turtle heart," she tells us. It seems incongruous, in more ways than one.

# THE FACTS OF LIFE

By IRENE KOSSOW

One Lord's Prayer, one Hail Mary, one Heil Hitler, three Sieg Heils, a quick genuflection past Schwester Bonifacia—and it was all over. We were free 'til eight tomorrow.

Toni flung her briefcase across her back, and sighed hopefully.

"D'you think we'll find out anything today?"

I said, "Maybe. Maybe we will. If not from Vera, then from the *Stürmer*.\* We did find out plenty from last week's issue."

Vera was waiting for us outside at the convent gate. We shook hands.

"Tag, d'you get anything out of her?"

She looked downtrodden.

"You mean about—that? Well, I did ask her, but she just said—well, she was too surprised, you know, very surprised, and she just said, go and do your homework, so I . . ."

"Ach, du lieber Himmel! So Vera went and did her homework. A fine help you are. Now Toni and I, if we weren't shut up in a convent school, if we were in the world and went to a Haushaltungsschule† . . ."

"Haushaltungsschule! You know the only reason I go there . . ."

The only reason Vera went there was that she was Jewish. That was too bad, of course, but we took it philosophically. "It's not as if she could help it," Toni always said. "She was just born that way."

Vera didn't seem to regard it as any affliction.

"After all, I don't have to be in Tourniers; and I never have to go to early mass, and I can wear anything I like. Honestly, I don't see how you stand long sleeves the year around,—and those thick black hose."

We were patient with her. Best friends have to be. "They are nice and warm in winter," we told her.

Walking down Münchenerstrasse we had our arms linked. As soon as we reached Barbarossenstrasse, we unlinked, so that Vera could stop at Königberger's for cherry drops. We sucked them with ardor; their luscious flavor softened our hearts towards Vera and her failure.

"You know what, maybe it isn't really your fault," Toni conceded. "My sister wouldn't tell me anything either. But then, she's going to be a nun. Whereas your Trude—oh, she probably knows plenty."

"So what do we care? The picture last week told us plenty, too, and there may be more like it in this week's *Stürmer*."

"But you know—about that picture. I've been thinking about it. Underneath it says it's the photograph of a very old painting. And in the olden times people didn't paint what they saw. They painted out of the imagination. So maybe the whole thing isn't really so at all. Maybe . . ."

"Oh, Vera," I growled, "Maybe now you're going to tell us, maybe it's the stork after all. You're such a baby."

"No. That about the stork is Quatsch,\*\* we know that."

So then the problem was considered from various aspects. Such a mysterious, sordid problem it was: sinful as a lie, and holding a tremendous fascination for us.

\* Nazi newspaper.

† School of domestic science.

\*\* Baloney.

‡ Gee whiz.

Toni had one solution.

"Der liebe Gott came to Mary before Jesus was born. He must do like that with every mother."

"But you know how many babies are born every day. How can He visit every one of their mothers?"

Toni tilted back her head, and threw back two yellow braids.

"Our God can do anything," she said.

That again. Toni always got God to help her out when she was stuck. And we were stuck; had been for a week now. Ever since that picture had appeared in the *Stürmer*, there had been only one topic of conversation.

"If only it had been clearer." I began to deplore again, "if only you could see just where the baby was coming from. But you know how it's hidden in the folds of her skirts. Du armer Augustin,†† all these bishops and priests standing around from this religious procession, and the little baby being born right in the middle of the street. And from a sister! That's what I can't see. How can a nun be a mother? And how can babies be born in the street? I'm sure—practically sure they have to be born in hospitals."

Toni was twisting her braid.

"I don't believe we ought to think about that picture so much. I'll bet it's sinful. I'll bet Schwester Bonifacia would be mad if she knew."

"Schwester Bonifacia . . . D'you suppose she knows anything?"

The question was debated.

"One thing's sure. She wouldn't want us to read that paper."

"Yes, I think so too," said Vera. "That picture is against Catholics. Vati says they hate the Jews most, but the Catholics are next."

"Ach, Quatsch!" Toni was fervent in her protest. "Why should der Führer hate Catholics? He is one himself. And we are pure Aryans. Really, you should not believe everything you hear, Vera."

Vera said nothing. She handed us out another round of cherry drops. We had reached Speyrerstrasse and the traffic isle where the *Stürmer* was displayed in its red-painted showcase. The case was divided into four glass sections, so that you could read every page of the paper. No one was standing around it for the moment. That was a relief, because our parents thought we should read a different kind of paper.

"If only it came out every day, instead of just once a week," I remarked, "then we would soon find out everything."

"You should be glad we can read it at all. Now hurry up before someone sees us." Toni assigned each one of us a section, and we began combing through our columns.

The cartoons were best, only they were so much alike: always those crooked little men with long noses, and lovely girls in flowing robes. The little men were usually doing funny things to the girls, while captions underneath said something about our pure maidenhood, Jewish pollution, or the menace of the Protocols of Zion. There really didn't seem to be any joke to them. But when there was time we amused ourselves by comparing noses. The one who found the longest got an extra bonbon.

Vera would hand it out. "Isn't it silly," she'd say, "my nose is shorter than either of yours." We would laugh then, and I'd say, "When you grow up, tell your Ma to make you a white gown like those girls wear, and you will be a real Aryan."

There was nothing special in my section that day.

Not a single picture to throw light on the problem; not even a long nose; only one cartoon of generals sitting around a table. Under the table a wolf is crouching. He is wearing high boots and a Red Star on his belly, and evidently, he is trying to hear what the generals are saying, because his ears are very big.

"Here's Puss in Boots."

Toni didn't hear.

"Look, look," she was yelling, "Over here, look!"

We looked, but remained cool.

"So what? The Hitlermädel again. I thought we agreed they were dopes."

"Dopes? Dopes did you say? Du lieber Himmel; that's my sister. She's in the picture. Giesela. There she is, there—next to the girl carrying the flag. Oh, I'm so glad! Doesn't she look beautiful, and strong? Mutti will be so proud! I am going to buy the paper. We must save it."

She gazed at the picture, enraptured.

"Please lend me fifty Pfennige. I want to buy a few copies."

Vera didn't answer.

I became absorbed in a crack in the pavement. But her enthusiasm was untouched.

"Ida, you lend me fifty Pfennige. I know you've got it. Please come on."

I turned to Vera, but she wouldn't look at me.

"I thought your mother forbade you to read the *Stürmer*."

"Oh, she won't care; she'll be so glad. I'm just sure she won't mind."

"Does she know Giesela's in the Hitlermädel?"

"Why, of course, she knows. In fact, I'm going to join the Hitlermädel too."

"What?—When?"

"Soon."

"But you always said they were silly, and not Christian. You said . . ."

"Oh, they are not silly. I didn't mean that. I shall be proud to serve my fatherland. All the girls are

joining. Now please give me the money. I know you have it. I saw it. Please, Ida."

I gave her my change purse. She clutched it eagerly, and ran across the street. I watched the way her blond braids hopped in rhythm.

"If it makes her mother happy," I said to Vera. But Vera was no longer there.

And then we were walking up Speyerstrasse, Toni holding the paper close, sighing happily, looking at the picture again and again. It never even occurred to her that Vera was not with us. She was going to paste the picture in the family album. That uniform looked so marvelous on Giesela, only she should have been holding the flag.

I asked her, "Toni, are you really going to join?"

She opened her eyes wide.

"Why, sure. And you needn't stare that way. Papa is a civil official, and this will be good for his job. Besides, it is for my country. You see, Vera is only a Jew, and you are a Slav; you couldn't really understand such a thing."

Queer, that I had never seen before how pink her eyes were, and how white her lashes.

"Let me see that picture."

"Here, here it is. Don't you think . . ."

"Shut your dirty trap."

She opened it instead.

I wanted to stuff it shut. My insides got quite warm suddenly. I grabbed that sheet, and tore it again and again and again. She was still standing there with her pink eyes and her open mouth, so I thrust the pieces into her face. Hard, so she'd yell, so she'd cringe, the dirty . . .

I used a word whose meaning we had been debating.

And then I ran. I ran the way you do in a hateful dream. But Vera was out of sight, and her cherry drop had turned bitter in my mouth.

## NO MORE OF TIME

*There was a song  
From out night-stir of oceans  
Retaining thought of you;  
But now, no more  
Eternal,  
The sun-squares  
Plunge across the floor to bind  
Our separate hours  
Of destiny—  
and I have seen the pilots  
fighting near the moon  
and I may watch them die—*

*this much alone  
I know, beloved.  
You, also, shall be hard to kill;  
But count it not invincible,  
And speak no more of time.  
Old, old, this love we steadfast hold;  
Yet still, perhaps, too new.*

—JEAN JORGENSEN.

## BREATHING IS EASY

*Breathing is easy.  
Between gulps of food  
And sighs of passion,  
A mighty gasp of inhalation  
Is quite in order.*

—ELIZABETH FANT.

## TO AN AMERICAN FLYER IN THE R. A. F.

(Shot down over Malta—October, 1941)

*Preoccupied  
With blue and gold  
Of dawn,  
The gods forgot.*

*And so in swift descent  
from screaming wind  
this one swept down  
across the skies  
to melt in crescent flame  
through quiet seas.*

*The gods emerging  
From enchantment  
Looked down  
Upon eternity.*

*Men now may talk in headlines  
and profess to know all causes  
and effects; but I remember one,  
unhampered by necessity,  
who heard significance  
in sound of distant fury;  
while we yet watched our coffee  
cool within the white-rimmed cups.*

—JEAN JORGENSEN.

# YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

By MARGARET WHEELER

When Kathie and I settled down in an apartment in Chicago for our first year as social workers—we were case assistants, actually—we agreed upon a cheap two-room flat three flights up on the borderline of Paradise Valley. After all, if we were interested in working with Negroes, we might as well live as near them as possible without upsetting the district superintendent, who was at that time—Lord knows why—a Virginian gentleman with beautiful silvery hair, an unhurried disposition, and not half the understanding of the assistant superintendent.

They told us, when we wondered, that the influential Chicago women's clubs thought Mr. Burton looked just like Stettinius or Paul McNutt or somebody. The worst part of it was, so did the white-collar girls. A fine-looking executive, with manners and just the sort of distinguished appearance you wanted for a bulwark between the whites and the uppity Negroes.

Nastasya, the tall, matter-of-fact worker who had graduated from N. Y. U. two years before, used to curl her lip at Mr. Burton. "Bah! Somebody should tell him it's social worker—not sociable worker! In every country there are two meanings for the word society, and he thinks his job means the tea-drinking kind."

But she worshipped Miss Roberta Vance, the assistant superintendent. Miss Vance was of medium height, with rather thick legs and a trace of mustache on her upper lip. She did her heavy black hair neatly in a bun, and wore three pin-striped suits, in various shades of gray. Upon immediate impression you noticed her efficient eyebrows. That was what I wrote home—the part about the eyebrows, I mean. Kathie said when I read her that paragraph that she didn't see how an eyebrow could be efficient, and Dad thought I meant "effective," and that gave him a totally wrong conception of Miss Vance, because he wrote back, "How does she do it? All with the eyebrows?"

I used it in a letter to Bob, too, but he didn't question my adjective at all. That's what I like about him, he always understands what I mean.

It was to Miss Vance we went, a few months later, when we had the trouble with Mattie. Mattie was the colored girl who came in to scrub the floor for us twice a week. We really could have done it ourselves, and at first Kathie thought we should do all our own work, to keep more in the spirit of our project, but later we decided to let Mattie take over. She needed the money badly, and it was not the policy of the Hollister Street workers to give the Negroes money without the responsibility of work of some sort.

We were never quite sure how old Mattie was, or what was her relationship to the assorted household with whom she lived in one room on the second story of one of those miserable tenements that infest the Valley. The first time Mattie was sick we walked the few blocks from our flat and turned the corner from the square as our landlady had directed us. It was a good thing Kathie had written down the number, because the old brick house-fronts with brown or gray unpainted wooden doors and two cement steps were all the same. There was a troop of children rolling around or just sitting on the steps as we passed along the row, and a bunch of older boys playing ball in the street. Two little girls in faded cotton dresses stopped fighting over a jump-rope and stared open-mouthed at us as we tramped up the steps.

"They ought to be wearing wraps in weather as cold as this," Kathie protested as we opened the

door and proceeded up the dim narrow stairway, stumbling over steps well-hollowed in the center.

A small, thin girl with a sober expression was standing at the top. "Ah bin lookin' out de windah an' Ah seed you comin' 'long up," she explained, without looking at us. "She's in deah," and she nodded her head toward a door on the right. We wondered later how she knew we had come to see Mattie.

Kathie pushed open the door, and we walked in. The room was heavy with the odor of frying and someone was snoring fretfully. A cheerfully fleshy woman in carpet slippers and a bunched blue dress tied around her with an apron turned from the immense black range which was the chief furniture of the room.

"You's Mattie's gals, Ah reckon. She ain' bin' feelin' so hot," she grinned as she moved forward, wiping her hands on the apron. "I was jus' fixin' ta frah her up some mush. Dat gal needs sumthin' to stick ta her stummick, she do."

We smiled and said good morning as Mattie called to us from behind the clothes-line which, hung with underwear and dishrags and trousers, served as a screen. We stepped around to see her. Two large old brass beds were shoved against the wall. Mattie lay in one of them grinning feebly at us. There were three babies in what looked like sugar sacks tumbling around at the bottom of the quilt, and a little boy standing holding a bedpost. Across the other bed lay two young bucks, one without a shirt, broadly-muscled, stretched out face-down, with his arms dangling loosely over the bed, snoring loudly; the other slighter, curled up with his head punched into the pillow.

We drew back involuntarily. "Oh, doan min' Buster an' Charlie," Mattie waved her hand. "Dey won' nuthin' wake dem up but de naghtam," (night-time) she said, rolling her eyes. "Dey's powful sleepers."

"Dass all dey's good fo'," grunted the heavy woman as she turned to the host of wide-eyed children that had followed the serious little girl in. "You young-uns git, now. We got white-folks comp'ny. Gwan, *git*—", and she waddled after them, waving her spatula menacingly. With a couple of shrieks and shrill giggles they fled, all but the first child, who ducked under a pair of long underwear legs and slipped over to Mattie's bed.

"Dis heah's Ernestine," Mattie told us, reaching out to pat the child's head affectionately. "She mah bes' lil gal, she am fo' true. It sho' is good o' you ta came see me. Miss Kathie an' Miss Jo," she went on. "Serena, fetch me de piller, so's Ah kin raise up. Ah'd ask de young-uns," she explained, turning to us, "but Charlie might accident'ly swat one o' dem in his sleep."

The big woman moved over and jerked the pillow from under the smaller Negro's head. He moved restlessly and flopped an arm over his head, grunting.

"Serena, dis is Miss Kathie and dis is Miss Jo," Mattie pointed us out as her friend propped her up with the pillow under her back. "Serena, she was mah brotheh Nathaniel's wife, fo' he got hisself slit up a couple yeas ago. Big Jake's her man now, and dey bin keepin' me an' mah fambly wid dem."

"Jake, he owns da saloon," Serena told us, not without pride. "Efen 'nuff white folks keep comin' down heah lak lately, we goin' to ex-pan' de bizness," she revealed. "Ah's gonna fix Mattie dat mush. You-all wan't some tea?" and she shuffled back to the stove.



The little boy hanging on to the brass bedpost spoke for the first time. "Ah wan' some mush, too, Mammy," he announced hopefully. "Hush, you Timmy," Mattie said reproachfully. "You gwan out wid de odder chillun now." He left without a word, dragging his feet.

"Timmy, he de nex' ta Ernestine," Mattie told us. "But heah Ah stays runnin' ma mouf an' lettin' you-all stan' theah all dis tahn. Setchu raght down heah on de sofa," she indicated an old couch with sagging springs and no cushions, spread over with a quilt. It felt warm and lumpy as we settled down.

Kathie and I had hardly said a word except good morning and thank you. I felt it was time we were getting around to the business at hand. "Tell me, Mattie," I began, "Where do you feel this pain that's been bothering you?"

"It's ri'cheah in mah stummick," she said woe-fully. "It jumps roun' an' Ah cain' eat raght, an' Ah gits dizzy-feelin' in de haid." She hugged her stomach compassionately under the cover.

Mattie was an attractive-looking woman when she was all fixed up, but right now she looked pathetic and weary without any rouge, her hair untidy and her eyes listless. She talked as much as ever, though, running on in her high, silly voice about all her "ailments" and her family. It was hard to tell which she cherished most.

We had some thin, sugarless tea from Serena's thick white cups, and Mattie ate some mush, with Serena looming over her. After we had assured ourselves that Mattie would be all right for the time being, we got up to leave. "We hope you'll be up real soon, Mattie," Kathie told her.

"Ah dunno," Mattie grinned. "Ah dunno."

Serena stepped outside with us, and we gave her the two cans of soup we'd taken out of our cupboard to bring with us. She received them happily. "Ah bin ponderin' what ta gib dem all fer suppeh," she beamed.

"What do you think's the matter with her, Serena?" I asked. "We thought it might be appendicitis," put in Kathie anxiously.

"Who, huh?" Serena jerked her head in the direction of the door in front of which she was planted, her hand on the knob. "No, ma'am. Not dat gal. She done got man-trouble, dass all."

"Man-trouble?" Kathie echoed.

"You mean she's going to have another baby?" I said incredulously. But then Mattie's stomach had been sticking out a little more than usual. It was hard to tell with some women.

"Sho' she is," Serena chuckled. "Ah done tell huh from de fust. But she doan wan' no mo'—she insis' lak it's somethin' else staid o' dat. Ah reckon Ah oughta know by now," she nodded her head significantly.

"Who's the father of this one, Serena?" I ventured, a little ironically, not expecting to find out.

"Law, chile, how should Ah know? Ah knows it ain' Big Jake, an' dass all Ah wan's ta know."

"I suppose she doesn't even know herself," I murmured, in a tone of nonchalance to show that I took these things for granted. Serena chuckled. It surprised me.

"No, ma'am, dass wheah you's *wrong*." She thrust her face forward eagerly, as though she could hardly believe what she was saying. "Not Mattie. She *keeps track*. Yassuh, she knows who dey all is, all right. Dat's de amazin' thing." She shook her head incredulously. "It do beat all. De bes' part is, she names all huh chillun aftuh dey paws. D'othuh day we was in de gross'ry, Mattie she was oveh lookin' at some carrots, an Ernest Mawson's wife come in an' tuk de bes' bunch ri' out from undeh huh nose. Well, Mattie, she din' lak dat—she an' Bella Mawson ain' got long too well nohow since de naght Ernest come home full o' whiskey an tole huh he was gonna git huh some red-stuff drawers lak Mattie's—de po' man mean' ri' by her by sayin' it, too. Dat was

well on fav' yeahs ago, but Bella, she's a clog-hanging woman when it come ta huh man, an' she bin' shakin' huh shoulduhs at Mattie evah since.

"Law, it was comical fo' true," Serena paused to shake back and forth as she recollected the scene in the store. "Some o' Mattie's kids was oveh makin' hungry-eyes at de cakes, an' what do Mattie do but snatch up some carrots an' start screamin' in dat high voice, 'Ernestine, Ernestine! Come oveh heah, Ernestine, an' he'p yo' mammy pick huh some carrots fo' de stew.' Dass de way she called huh." Serena repeated in a ludicrous falsetto, first in a rising, singsong inflection, lingering on the last syllable, "Er-nes-tee-eeen," then, emphatically collapsing the word like a drawn-out accordion, "Ernestine!"

"Law, Bella, she was put out!" Serena wiped her eyes. "Ever'budy in de stoh turn' dem roun' an' grinned, an' Mattie she jus' march huhsef' ri' oveh tuh de counteh an' start tellin' de man while she was countin' out de money, 'Yassuh, dis heah's Ernestine. She done named aftuh huh *pappy*,' real loud so's Bella an' all de res' could heah, an' somebody a-started snickerin' an' Bella was so mad she coulda punched a hohnet's nes', but she couldn't say nuthin' 'cause she warn't admittin' dat she knew nuthin' 'bout none o' Ernest truckin' wif Mattie. Oh, Lawd, Lawd—Ah thought Ah would dah o' laffin' right theah!"

Kathie and I couldn't help joining Serena. "I can just hear Mattie screaming for Ernestine to come over," I said weakly.

"She's allus a-doin' dat, Mattie," Serena announced, seeing that we appreciated her tale. "Callin' huh kids dey pappies' names in front o' dey wives. Nevah knowed nuthin' lak da cheek o' dat gal!"

"Hasn't Mattie ever been married?" Kathie asked solicitously. Sometimes I wish she weren't quite so naive. When you are a social worker, you have to realize there are such things in the world. Of course, it didn't shock Kathie or anything like that, but it was sort of stupid of her to ask, I thought.

"Ah reckon she had huh a husban' tuh start off wif," Serena said placidly. "When she done come ta live wid her brudder dat's daid an' me, she only brought jes' de two oddes' chillun, de boys afore Ernestine. She din have no man den. But deah bin lots since dat time, law, law!" She held her sides and heaved laughter as we said goodbye and started down the stairs, after promising Serena we'd come again if Mattie wasn't back soon.

We had heard all about Mattie's affairs from Miss Vance, when we told her we'd hired the robust high-voiced girl to scrub our floors. Mattie would have had a striking figure if she'd held herself upright, but her easy shoulders and loosely-carried stomach made her seem plumper than she was. She had full rounded breasts, and when she was ready to go flirtin' her way home, she flung her shoulders back and flaunted her charms jubilantly, flouncing her surprisingly slight hips and wagging her prominent rear as she stepped along.

Kathie and I found Mattie a very entertaining person to have around when we came home evenings, especially after one of those heart-rending cases that leave you all hopeless and world-weary and feeling that your report is going to be just one more drop in the saga of *les misérables*. Mattie would save our flat till last and come in about four or five so she could be on hand for a cup of tea when we came in. At first she would just stick around and keep mopping at things while we boiled the water, but one afternoon we found the tea hot and ready for us when we walked in. Mattie didn't say a word, but she had set out three cups, and evidently took it for granted that this would be the procedure from that time on, so we did, too.

There was nothing so dumb about Mattie, as I wrote Bob after that—you could see that by the way she took down the Mawson woman in the grocery, yet we got her to take an I.Q. test one

evening just for fun, and according to that she turned out feeble-minded. We had to admit she was pretty silly about some things, and Kathie had to explain to her four times about emptying the carpet-sweeper; but there was one thing Mattie wasn't dumb about, and that was men.

"She really gets them coming and going," Kathie murmured to me in awe one night after Mattie had finished stringing us a long tale about Josephus, her latest acquisition in a long line of conquests. Joe-Boy, she called him. She didn't mind talking about them, either. I'll never forget Napoleon Green. He was the first—at least, our first—Mattie would never talk about the man she started with.

Napoleon Green had money. "Dat boy, he sho' had a way wid de bones," Mattie's eyes would gleam as she related the story of her acquaintance with Napoleon. "Ah was sellin' cigarettes den at Eddie Nolan's Tavern jus' atfeh mah pappy drunk hissef daid. Law, mah feet useta ache raght off mah ankies. Ah had ta sell two trays fo' Eddie, an' da res' whatevah Ah sol' Ah got fo' pay."

"Napoleon he useta be mah prahz customeh. W'en Ah come waltzin' bah his tabie he wud reach out an' grab me bah da leg, an' yell out, 'Gal, whatchu got deah, huh, gal? Whatchu got ta sell me?' An' Ah'd han' him a coupla packs o' dose lil cigars dat he laked raght den' an' he'd pull his roll outa his pocket—Mah lan', Napoleon wo' him pretty suits—an' flash it roun' so's dey all at de table could gasp, an' he'd say, 'Dey's lots moah, yep, lots moah, wheah dat came from!'" Mattie would sigh thoughtfully.

"An' one tahn he was feelin' kinda high an' when Ah come bah he riz up kin' o' staggerin' lak an' grab mah leg, lak as usual, an' dis tahn he hissed in mah ear, 'stead o' shoutin' roun,' 'Gal, whatchu got to sell me, huh, gal? An' Ah doan wan' no damn cigars!' An' he wawe' de wad o' money raght undah mah chin, an' starts ta tickle me wid' it right down mah neck, an' he keep lookin' raght at me, and Ah keeps lookin' raght back at him, an' Ah says real low, 'In de back room atfeh Ah sells out dis tray; . . . An' he flicks da cash raght across mah breas', an' winks an' drops a bunch o' dollahs in mah tray, an' takes a few cigars, an' chuckles raght pleased lak, 'Dey's lots moah wheah dat come from, lots moah!'"

"An' de nex' week Ah quit wuk at Eddie Nolan's," Mattie would pause for breath. "An' from den on Ah really had me a tahn, fo' true—till de kids a-started comin'. But Ah still does all right—All still does all raght!" She would hasten to reassure us. "I don't doubt it for a second," I usually muttered under my breath to Kathie about this point.

Mattie invariably ended her epics by moaning about her children. There really were too many of them, of course, but what could you do? Either they interfered with Mattie's career, or it did with them. Kathie and I talked it over. Kathie said why couldn't we get Mattie a decent steady job and talk her into marrying and bringing up the kids right?

I thought this solution was all against human nature—at least Mattie's. "We could never get her to do it, Kathie," I said. "She's just not the responsible type. She wouldn't see any sense to working all the time when she can pick up enough scrubbing floors a few afternoons a week to pad out her nightly earnings. As for the kids, they're growing up the way she grew up—why should she worry about giving them anything different? Besides, where's your bridegroom? I suppose we are supposed to do a little match-making. Shall I put a bee in Joe-Boy's ear the next time I run into him down at Big Jake's place? And can't you see Mattie settling down with one man in her life?" I pulled out a cigarette impatiently.

"Oh, you're always so darn skeptical, Jo," Kathie reproached. "Damn skeptical, dear," I said, and walked to the end of the rag rug. Then I turned

slowly. "Kathie," I said. "Kathie. So long as we are talking Mattie into something, why don't we talk her into being sterilized?"

I said it half to tease Kathie, but it kind of hit both of us as a possibility even as I finished, and we kept looking at each other wondering. At last Kathie murmured, sort of spellbound, "Well, why not?"

It seemed like a perfect set-up. Mattie had been given contraceptives every year, Miss Vance had told us, although actually they were only supposed to be allotted to married women. But she could never quite get the hang of them. She didn't understand that their efficiency depended upon their being used consistently. Besides, she often didn't have the privacy to equip herself—we could well comprehend that, remembering Buster and Charlie sleeping on the other bed.

"Incidentally, I wonder if they—" I started to suggest. "Silly, they're *much* younger than she is," Kathie rebuked me. I didn't see what difference that made, but I didn't say so. Sex was sex, after all. I remembered a cartoon in the *New Yorker* that showed two of those indifferent explorers and one of their wives sitting in a jungle drinking tea while an enormous ape ran off with the other wife. The first woman was saying, "Confidentially, I don't see what he sees in her." I was going to describe it to Kathie, but decided not to.

This sterilization idea seemed fool-proof as far as justifying the necessity of the operation went. There were at least three times the number of children Mattie could afford to support. Here Kathie and I had quite an argument about the names and respective places and ages of the children. We finally decided Jeremiah must be the oldest boy ("named after the man she wouldn't talk about, I bet," I told Kathie), and then Napoleon, who looked so much like Jeremiah you could hardly tell which was the older. Then the famous Ernestine, and the twins, Don John and Desdemona (their daddy had been chief curtain-puller for the Hampshire Playhouse), and at least a couple of those babies we had seen rolling around on her bed that day we went to call. That meant eight or more children.

"Think of that!" Kathie was disturbed. "Eight children without enough food or an education or even a good mother. It's not right."

"You're not either," I came back. "Because Mattie is a good mother, in as far as she knows how to be. She loves those kids twice as much as they're worth. I'll admit she can't provide for them what they need—that's why I think the first step in helping her out is to see that she doesn't have any more."

"You've forgotten," Kathie put in. "Serena says Josephus, Jr., or whoever he is, is already on the way." For a minute it floored me. Then, "All the better. They can tie the tubes after the delivery. I'll be easier getting Mattie to a hospital for the ordinary operation of having a baby."

"We don't have to worry about that. She's had one baby in the hospital, she told me, and she wasn't a bit scared. They gave her chicken and ice-cream for dinner, and there was a radio down the hall, and the bed was very high so she could see out over the lake, and the nurses were real sweet to her, and gave lollipops to Jeremiah and Napoleon and Ernestine when they came with Serena to see her."

"That settles it," I announced firmly. "What more could we ask? Let's start working on her tomorrow. If she's not back, we'll go down to see her."

Kathie said, "We'll have to ask Miss Vance."

"O.K.," I said. "Now look—you pretend you're Mattie, and I'll start explaining to you about sterilization, and you ask all the dumb questions you can think of."

The next morning, when we reported to Miss Vance's office for our day's assignment, we delivered

our proposition. We both talked at once very fast and very earnestly, and when we were through the silence seemed odd and disquieting. Miss Vance concentrated on an angle of the ceiling and scrubbed her chin thoughtfully with her thumb. Suddenly she laughed. "Well, I'll be darned," she announced, shaking her head. "Why haven't we thought of it before?"

We stayed there fifteen minutes talking before any of us realized that Kathie and I had missed our trolley to the square in the Valley. "Of course, the thing will have to be done right," Miss Vance pointed out. "We'll have to get Mattie to sign an application stating that she wishes voluntarily to undergo the operation and fully understands the consequences thereof. Hollister Street can pay the expenses. And we'll have to have a medical certificate by an approved doctor testifying that Mattie is in sound state of mind and body at the time of her signature. Oh, there'll be lots of red tape. But we're pretty well used to that, aren't we? I'll phone the Dennison Hospital this morning and check with the superintendent, and let you know tonight."

She glanced at her watch. "Ye gods! It's 9:20. You'd better get out to the corner," she waved a peremptory hand and started rummaging through her desk, then looked up. "Jo," she beamed, "and Kathie. I'm delighted!" We were just about out the door when she muttered, bending to jerk out the bottom drawer, "How many kids, did you say?"

"Eight," Kathie declared.

"Or more," I affirmed.

"That settles it."

We ran for the corner. There weren't seats together on the trolley, so we sat facing each other and glowed all the seventeen blocks.

Everything went beautifully after that. Miss Vance cleared through Dennison. Mattie came back to work the next week, saying she felt "fahn an' fitten," and looking more scenic than ever in a purple jersey blouse Joe-Boy had given her. She swore to Jehovah it wasn't a baby, "only mah stummick cuttin' up," but we didn't believe it for a minute.

"But wouldn't it be horrible if it weren't?" Kathie whispered. She's an alarmist by nature. I reminded her that after all, that was what we wanted to accomplish in the long run, anyway. "But don't worry, chicken, she'll produce," I assured her. "In a few weeks she won't even be able to convince herself any more, much less Joe-Boy." For once Kathie didn't object to my uncouth way of putting things. She was already worrying about whether it was safe for Mattie to be scrubbing floors.

Mattie held out pretty long, I have to admit. "Ah sho' needs me a new girdle," she told me brazenly one evening after the protruding had become unmistakable. I felt kind of sorry for her. I really think Mattie thought she could talk herself out of having that baby.

It made things ideal for us though. We couldn't wait for Mattie's acknowledgment to spring our proposal. It would be just like offering an old-age pension to a 64-year old teacher. "Mattie, you don't have to have any more kids. Just this one, and sign on the dotted line. 'Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.' That's all there would be to it."

The next afternoon when we trudged up to our flat, Mattie was leaning back on the sofa, hands resting on her abdomen, feet spread wearily apart. "Ah guess folks is raght," she sighed, but kind of grinned, too. Kathie and I looked at each other, and Kathie said knowingly, "What do you mean, Mattie?" She didn't answer for a while, just sat, and then said apologetically, "Doan you mahn if Ah go on settin' minnit, Miss Kathie an' Miss Jo. Jes' you go raght ahead an' put de watah on. Ah'll jes' res' mah' feet awhile."

We exchanged glances, and took off our coats. I hung them behind the curtain while Kathie lit the burner under the kettle. Mattie said specula-

tively, "Dis is de ninth." And a little later, "Sometimes Ah wondeh if it's all wuth it."

We plunged in. "Mattie," I told her. "Sure, you're going to have a baby, and it's be a fine one, because your Joe-Boy is a darling" (I hadn't planned it this way, and Kathie told me later she nearly passed through the floor)—"but Mattie, you don't have to have any more! It's not fair to Jeremiah and Napoleon and Ernestine and all the rest of them, because there isn't enough for you now; and you know it takes you out of business for months at a time—"

Here Kathie rescued the trend of the plea. "Mattie, it'll be perfectly simple, honey. The doctors have a way now. All you do is go to the hospital to have the baby, and there won't be any bills to pay—"

"And chicken and ice-cream on Sunday, and we'll bring the kids to see you," I chanted—"and all they do is fix you up after you've had the baby, and you recover just as soon, and then you'll never have to worry any more." Honestly, it sounded so logical and easy the way Kathie put it, if Bob and I hadn't already decided we wanted four, I would have gone right along with Mattie.

Mattie just sat there on the edge of the couch looking at us. "You ain' stringin' me fo' true?" She breathed in ecstatically. "It sho' soun' lak heaven on earth."

"Mattie, it is," I said, grabbing her hand. "I mean, it will be. You can go down with us tomorrow morning, and have the doctor check you, and sign the paper, and everything will be all set. Mattie, I'm so glad—"

Mattie was looking doubtful. "Dere's only one thing botherin' me 'bout dis heah godsend idea, Miss Jo. What Ah goin' ta do 'bout mah money-makin' job?"

Kathie said, "Oh, you won't have to scrub the floors any more, when it gets near the time. You can just tidy up, and make tea, and it's worth the same to us—"

But I'd caught Mattie's emphasis of the word "money-making." "Mattie," I asserted eagerly, "That's the wonderful part of it. You can have your cake and eat it, too. Things can go right on—business as usual—I mean, what have you got to lose?" Kathie said later she wished Bob could have heard me at that particular moment. I guess I must have sounded pretty well-versed, at that.

But Mattie's face when she got what I was jabbering about! She was so incredibly happy, and she kept saying to herself, "No moah chillun. Lak a miracle o' Gawd. No moah chillun," and shaking her head, while her eyes shone with pure relief.

Something about her expression reminded me of the time when I was ironing doll clothes and our poor old cat had its seventh litter right in a clothes basket in a corner of the laundry. I stood and watched the whole thing, and the look of exhaustion in that animal's eyes when the last bloody squirming thing had been licked off had made me so sick I wouldn't even eat chocolate pie for supper.

Looking at Mattie, I almost wondered if two wouldn't be enough for us after all, and then kicked myself out of it. After all, Mattie loved all the ones she'd got, didn't she? She didn't begrudge them her labor for a minute. And Mattie didn't even have a husband! God, I said inside, I'll have fifty if Bob wants them. And aloud, "That water ought to be boiled by now. Let's have the last of the marmalade on our toast. I think we ought to celebrate."

Three months later Mattie's time came. Kathie and I had been out on our fiftieth case, and we'd been home on a vacation, and Bob and I'd announced our engagement, and there was a new mayor in Chicago, and all sorts of amazing things; but we were nevertheless just as excited when Serena sent Napoleon over to tell us it was time

to take Mattie to the hospital. We called an ambulance, and sent Napoleon back to tell Mattie we'd come right over to the hospital, and everything was all set. The certificate signifying that Mattie's sterilization was entirely voluntary was on file in Dennison, and Kathie carried the duplicate in her pocket-book.

Miss Vance hadn't said a word to Mr. Burton, the Hollister Street superintendent. She didn't think they approved of sterilization in Virginia. Besides, legally the operation was not supposed to be performed for the benefit of those in Mattie's business. In the program published by the Human Betterment Foundation, which had been responsible for the law in effect since 1929, and for years had been making an intensive study of the results to the patient, the family, and the community, Article 9 said, "Sterilization has not increased sex offenses: on the contrary, sterilized patients in Illinois, for various reasons, chiefly educational discipline, show a great improvement over their former record of sex delinquency."

After all, it was mainly supposed to be for epileptics and the feeble-minded. But Mattie's permission took care of that—although, of course, voluntary sterilization was a newer thing than eugenic sterilization.

Miss Vance was a trifle nervous when we picked her up in a taxi, and told the driver, "Dennison Hospital, Chickering and West 28th Street." And, just because I was pretty thrilled by that time, I added, "And *rush!*" Miss Vance settled back against the cool leather. "I swear," she announced, and didn't. "I was really startled when you called me. Even though I've been expecting for three months, when the time actually comes—"

At that the cabby jerked his head back, jammed his foot down, and sailed around a corner on two wheels. Kathie and Miss Vance and I were still shaking with laughter when we swerved up to the Emergency Entrance of Dennison.

Miss Vance talked to the superintendent's secretary. Dr. Kitchener Ward invited us into his oak-paneled, heavy-carpeted office, and asked us to sit down while he called the maternity ward. "Your Mattie has just arrived," he nodded to us from where he stood planted, telephone in hand. He was an immense man, sort of stalwart and reassuring. "Dr. Copeland says you may come right up." Dr. Ward pressed a button on his desk and crossed over to us, smiling genially. "From all appearances, the labor will be short. I've sent for an interne to take you up. So these are the ingenious young ladies who arranged for Mattie, Miss Vance?" They were friends of long standing. We found ourselves telling him all about Mattie, even to Ernestine in the grocery.

A thin young man in white with red hair and prominent ears knocked and entered. He almost came to attention with his reverential, "You sent for me, sir?"

"Miss Vance, Dr. Dennis. Miss Hassard, Miss Tyler; Dr. Dennis." We smiled and nodded all around. "Will you be so kind as to escort these ladies to the fifth floor, Ward 2B, Doctor? If you'd like to stay here—" he turned to Miss Vance. "It will be my pleasure—"

"Thank you, Dr. Ward, I believe I shall," Miss Vance was saying. "If the girls don't mind—" Dr. Dennis grinned and held the door for us. "I'll wait for you here. You probably won't get to see much of Mattie," she said, "but give her my best." How they could be so calm at a time like that! Kathie and I didn't even thank Dr. Ward for the escort, we were so anxious to get to Mattie. Of course, we didn't expect to hold her hand all the way through, or anything, but we were in this thing with her as far as we could go, anyway. We sailed out with Dr. Dennis and followed him to an elevator.

"His ears aren't so bad when he grins," Kathie

whispered as we rose. "How long may we see her, Dr. Dennis?"

"I'm afraid you can only stay a minute, Miss Hassard," he smiled. "I'll be glad to show you around the hospital afterward, if you'd care to see it."

"Oh, would you?" she accepted readily. Kathie, too! I reproached her afterward for being so flip when poor Mattie was in her hour. "Well, after all, Jo, *you're* engaged!" she protested.

Mattie was in a white robe in a high white bed, looking kind of wan and strained, but much more attractive than I expected women looked at those moments. She really was glad to see us.

"How are you feeling, Mattie?" Kathie asked her cheerfully, going over to the bed. "Law, Miss Kathie, Ah'm feelin' raght cheah." She touched her stomach under the sheets. "It sho' won't be long now." She giggled weakly. They were wheeling in a table.

"Mattie," I pressed her hand. "When you wake up, you'll have a new baby, and it'll be the last one. Just think, no more children, Mattie!"

"No moah chillun," she echoed blissfully.

"I hope it's a boy," I breathed.

"Both ways, Ah'm happy," Mattie said.

"If you don't mind, girls—" the nurse rustled us out to Dr. Dennis. I waved to Mattie. Even as she grinned back, her smile screwed up and she bent forward, clutching the sheet.

I trailed along down the corridor with Kathie and Dr. Dennis, thinking my own thoughts. Suppose in a couple of years I were giving birth to Bob's and my firstborn . . . Kathie was there saying breathlessly, "Jo, I hope it's a boy." And Bob was holding my hand so tight I didn't mind the pain, even if my face got all screwed up when I tried to smile . . .

Dennison Hospital is vast, and our tour was extensive. It must have been an hour later when Dr. Dennis conducted Kathie and me—or rather, Dr. Dennis and Kathie conducted me into Dr. Kitchener Ward's office again. The secretary appeared so relieved to see us, I wondered if she had been Dr. Dennis' girl. "We've been looking all over for you," she said hastily. "Go right in."

Dr. Ward and Miss Vance were both standing when we entered. "Thank heavens, at last!" Miss Vance rushed over to us. Dr. Ward dismissed Dr. Dennis a little abruptly. "It's Mattie," he told us. "She's in the midst of labor, and she's changed her mind."

Miss Vance put in distractedly, "She doesn't want a sterilization after all!"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"No!" said Kathie.

"She's having a harder time than we expected," Dr. Ward announced gravely, "and she's delirious, as far as I can make out from Dr. Copeland's reports. Miss Vance and I were just trying to decide whether or not to tell him to go ahead and perform the operation anyway."

The 'phone rang. I stared at Miss Vance. "She's got to go through with it," Kathie insisted. "We'll never get her to sign the papers again. If they don't do it this time—After all, she's delirious—we know it's the best thing for her—"

"Maybe she wants that baby to come so bad she thinks she wants lots more of them," I burst out. "Maybe she really *does* want them, too. Who are we to tell her? She ought to know. Maybe she and God and Joe-Boy have a little private agreement that the next one will be a girl."

Kathie gaped. "Jo! From you—I!" Miss Vance was amazed. In fact, I was, myself. Dr. Ward broke in, "She's not delirious now," he said slowly. "And Dr. Copeland says she still insists that she won't go through with it. 'Ah doan wan' mah tubes tahd afteh all,' she keeps saying. 'Ah wants mah chillun—all o' dem. Ah doan wantah miss da leastes' one.'"

(Continued on page 19)

# BACHELOR'S DEGREE

ELIZABETH DILTS

They removed the heart of a turtle, and we watched it squirming and twisting; it was sanguine, sinuous, glossy with the Ringer's solution in which we bathed it. It beat for a long time after our experiment, and we saw it writhing, squeezing, throbbing in the watch glass.

They drew wavy lines on the board and said that they were sound waves; they wrote numbers which were the speed of light in miles and the speed of sound in feet per second, and we copied them carefully.

We learned to say, I would have come, You would have come, He would have come in Latin and French, and we read thin books about die Mutter und der Vater und das Haus, el padre y el madre y los hermanos.

They chloroformed a cat and cut its furry belly with a scalpel, and we peered anxiously into its entrails, watching the colon writhe and undulate in peristalsis; we touched an efferent nerve, and the limp paw stiffened.

We read of men who fought, knowing now that some fought for wealth and some for power and some against wrong, and of a few men with ideas which made men go into battle again; we visualized men in small boats on dark seas, not knowing where they were going, but with the why a strong wind in their souls.

They sent us into slums and clinics and jails, and we saw ragged girl-mothers without husbands, children with crooked legs, toothless men with huge lumps of hands. We found that many people worked till dark in dingy rooms and were given small brown envelopes with greasy bills in them.

We read lines of words and heard combinations of sounds that had passed men's eyes and ears a thousand thousand times, and we were told that this was great and eternal; we heard these things clear with the presentness of our senses and resonant with centuries' echoes.

We spent semester hours with men who had a Field and fine, sensitive hands; we heard them talk and wrote our word-versions of it on ruled paper in loose-leaf notebooks, and we read the books whose names they gave us, and sometimes we believed.

We gathered in our rooms at night and cast dry fogs of smoke and said, But I think— We spoke of wars and people and God, and when we walked through silent halls we thought of a powerful, gathering shadow along the slate roof over us; sometimes our minds thrust fingers into the shadow and could not touch it.

We burned lights, lonely in the night, and caught the numbers with the claws of our minds, numbers that were the speed of light and the long lines of ragged girl-mothers; we clutched at the names of the men and their thoughts, and at the names of the nerves that stiffened the limp paw.

There were four red-brown autumns and gray-white winters and pale-green springs, and in the fourth pale-green spring they gave us black gowns with sleeves that covered our hands; we walked in a line, and the silk tassels from our caps swung against our cheeks.

They gave us heavy white scrolls of paper and turned the tassels to the right.

And the pale-green spring was summer, and we held these things in our minds, wanting to arrange them carefully so that we could see them all—see the fine, sensitive hands, the sound waves, the slithering of the cat's colon, the crooked-legged children, the men on dark seas, the numbers, the men who had thought, the shadow low on the roof, and the heart, the writhing, twisting turtle heart.

## POETRY

## BAILE MODERNA (II)

In a body surging forward  
Come the dancers  
Shoulders leading, pulling, driving  
Bodies limber, freely flowing  
Limbs relaxing, moving easily  
Come the dancers

Step leap step leap  
Turn skip run run run  
Quick percussives, slow sustained  
Short, high prances, long smooth swings  
I falter, stumble, stop and pause

I feel foolish  
I feel fat  
Don't feel foolish  
Don't feel fat

The idea's the thing  
The Idea  
The idea that starts in the brain  
Tickles the spine  
Quivers through the blood  
Penetrating the final toe

In a body surging forward  
Come the dancers  
Shoulders leading, pulling, driving  
Limbs relaxing, moving easily  
Come the dancers

The idea's the thing  
The idea  
Get the idea

Could I be Sad News?  
Irregular rhythm, seven beat  
But I should like to drop  
Stretch arms to the ceiling  
Lift chin, appeal, implore  
Now drop them, loose resigned  
Twist body, bend knees  
Till I am a fallen heap  
Wilted

Let's make an empire fall, decay  
France would do a tour jete  
Cup her palm and curtsy out  
England would bellow from a squat  
Russia would not bend at all  
How can I fall without a bend

Do not try to think it out  
Introspection slanders dance  
Let it come out naturally  
Emote, exude, communicate

But there must be some technique  
Every dancer has her coup  
Doris Humphries upsets balance  
Martha Graham points her leg  
Personally I contract

In a body surging forward  
Come the dancers  
Shoulders leading, pulling, driving  
Bodies limber, freely flowing  
Limbs relaxing, moving easily  
Come the dancers

—MAUDIE WENKENBACH.

## FOREST MOOD

Twilight shadows  
Darken into forest pools,  
Revealing night.

While guarded  
By a haunting mist of unborn thoughts,  
We wrest empassioned visions  
From a deep rain-clouded sky.

Moon slanting shadows cross the night  
To leave your form a phantasy of light  
And dark austerity.

I feel the groping of the leaves  
As they fall awkwardly  
Against bare arms.  
The underbrush clings sullenly  
To dew moist legs  
That quiver at the rough  
Unstudied touch.

You stand created for the night  
By moon rays and the stillness;  
A slim oak touched by madness  
And needing my finger tips  
As I caress the hard, coarse bark.  
In my touch we are one body.

I take my roots beside you  
In the fresh soil  
To escape the forest spell.  
From you I draw new strength  
And offer in its stead  
Blood stained lips  
That bite into your unresponsive  
Firmness.

Why do I strain against the night?  
There are no stars around us here  
To mock the black impotency  
Of us . . .

—ELIZABETH FANT.

TERMS ARE RELATIVE  
or  
NOT A DEFINITION

The blowing leaf pale ribs against the wind,  
Is matter in motion, not alive,  
Adrift in space and gravity compelled.  
The lost leaf is irony.  
Take man the angel with clay feet  
Flying to the meter of clay tongues  
Off to worlds oblivious.

Homeless the leaf, pursued now paused  
Substance of man, pale ribs against the ground.  
Who can tell of the wind, what it bears  
And when it has come home?

—NANCY KIRBY.

## LOVE AIRED

Sins have I, sins of blue and dirt.  
But selfless sins may take me there,  
So, bad with worse,  
I cherish both.

—TONI LUPTON.



## SONG

I'll follow my love to dreamland  
By the light on his golden hair  
I will drop in my path all the heartaches  
I will leave on the clouds every care.

And once we have entered that kingdom  
And the gateway is closed to return  
We will fasten our fancies to moonbeams  
The secrets of dreaming to learn.

We will hark to the lutes of the angels  
And the notes of their resonant bliss  
Will be caught in our hands as they pass us  
And be sealed in a song with our kiss.

In the mistiest hues of the rainbow  
We will swim, and the shimmering light  
Will bathe us in wavelets of rapture  
As we float past the banks of the night.

And when we are worn out with dreaming  
He will take me and lead me away,  
We will close all the portals behind us  
And drift, with our love by the way.

And when we are walking together  
In the meadows and hills by the stream,  
With our arms intertwined  
We'll have heaven in mind  
And the memories left are our dream.

—BETTY STYRON.

## PHILOSOPHY OF A DREAMER

Weed, my ochre twist,  
Will I wake?  
Or what wakefulness is of  
Ordered compensation?  
None, none. Warlock, torpid orientation is the elbow  
for a mouse.  
Run around the sound of mismatched hairs,  
Hairs who screech with silent foam  
O'er a peaked taboo and cast blue eyes up to distant  
skies  
And can not draw the returning reel.  
No, no. Warlock, torpid orientation views this and  
that.

—TONI LUPTON.

## YET MORE

If I held the pinched pink moon,  
And climbed the somber stair,  
Feeling, feeling, lost all needing,  
I'd carry, too, a fairy there.

—TONI LUPTON.

## SLIGHTLY SHELL-SHOCK

They tell a story,  
Those who have returned.  
They have a story to tell.  
But there is one,  
Who, suddenly,  
Hearing at tea-time  
The incessant scraping  
Of a spoon,  
Screams out in swift remembrance—  
And then is silent,  
Shaken and ashamed.

—JEAN JORGENSEN.

## INTERSECTION

The hands are long  
The fingers curl  
And I, unknown to death,  
Have found  
Death not what they feared  
And not to be escapably feared.  
For at this Sunday hour afternoon  
The fire is seen as soon  
As gray chill downing  
Window weather  
And the radio has to say  
*Les Preludes* and *Til Eulenspiegel*  
And those are the news highlights for  
The moment with the dear old people  
Lolling in their plated spoons.  
Tires whir by the rained-on stretch.

But the language barrier  
Is a minor one and when I  
Speak of death to you it may  
Be more thorough than  
I am persuaded to me death  
Is not so and one of those things  
And happens to the best  
And the worst and Sergeant Funderburk  
Son of the Wilburn Funderburks  
Of West Tenth Street reported missing  
And if he has death what of it  
And so he has no more Sunday  
Afternoons nice by the fire.  
How sad for his wife because  
The baby is almost finished.

If the old man dies in his bed  
Who is to weep but his second wife  
In bifocals flanked by the children.  
How they have grown.  
They have grown but not away.

Even now they say  
He is at Gulfport and may  
Be sent overseas.  
Please  
God, what is death?

—NANCY KIRBY.

Project me  
Into laughter  
Of strangers  
For I would be  
Remote from you.  
I would forget  
Stark delicacy  
Of separate hours  
New-bruised by blaze  
Of suns, once  
Still unrealized.  
I would remain  
Untouched,  
An entity apart,  
Clean outpouring  
Of myself alone.  
And so, particularly,  
I would unlink the chain  
And break away  
From steel,  
Speedmadness  
In your mind  
That binds me,  
Remembering only this—  
That once,  
Bored by implacability  
Of drab tradition,  
Idly, inconsequentially,  
I played at knowing you.

—JEAN JORGENSEN.

# ON NO DAY OF TRIUMPH

By JEAN JOHNSON

Negroes have said to me, "Why talk about 'educating the Negro about white people'? The race problem has burned into his consciousness and he has thought. It is the white person who needs to become educated about the Negro."

Books have been written, and people who have read them have recognized segments of their own experience and have said, "Yes, that is true." Often the segments have been distorted or too scattered to give any idea of the total relationship between Negro and white America. Because of the great, dank, mossy wall of prejudice and misunderstanding, of exploitation and bitter frustration which separates the two castes of America, those of us who feel deeply that this wall is a denial of democracy, the first fort of those who would destroy democracy, are cheered and excited when new knowledge tears down even a small part of that wall.

This last December, the coveted Mayflower award was given to J. Saunders Redding for his book, *No Day of Triumph*. The group of judges, including Dr. Winfield S. Rogers and Dr. A. M. Arnett of the Woman's College faculty, decided that this was the best book of the year to be written by a resident of North Carolina. Dr. Redding is a Negro; his book is a study of the intellectual, sensitive, middle-class Negro and his search for values and understanding sufficient to give him a spiritual place in an apparently hostile white America.

The plan of the narrative is difficult, but the remarkably skillful handling of a large quantity of material makes the whole correspondingly more powerful. The first section, "Troubled in Mind," is autobiographical, a picture of his family, of his two grandmothers whose conflicting attitudes are his introduction to racial antagonism, and of his school and college days marked by his isolation and his bitter resentment against discrimination. The rest of the story is a series of character studies of the people Dr. Redding met as he travelled south, studying the life and feelings of a great cross-section of Negroes, getting to know each of them as only an understanding person from their own race could know them. The Communist seaman, the selfish, grasping doctor, the drunken lawyer in the coal mining town, the ineffectual deaf cropper, the gentle farmer lynched at election time, the class-conscious cousin with the insane daughter and the son who crossed the color line, farmers, workers, factory girls, professional people—all these and others are described with poignant accuracy. That he could recreate living personalities, could express the emotions and frustrations of his people, and above all that he could arrive at a continuity of story without the aid of an ordinary plot or the advertisement of a "program" is an achievement.

Dr. Redding uses pungent metaphors, economical and vivid sentences to describe the Southern countryside, the Negro areas of cities, and the appearance of his many characters. The dialect is excellent, varying appropriately as he moves from place to place, for it is authentic and was gathered firsthand. The conversation springs from the soil and is passed on to the reader without artificiality. This is straight-forward writing, vivid and truthful. The very honesty of it gives power to what the author says.

As the reader follows the personality studies, case histories, if you will, he comes to see the overwhelming problems which close in on all sides on the Negro in America. First of all there is the realization of the bewilderingly complex world

around us—a sudden sharp fear common to us all, white or Negro, as we realize our littleness and insecurity in the changing economic order. There is the fact of youth's leaving the soil to seek a precarious life in industry, and Negro youth searching for it as he moves north. Economic insecurity faces us all, but the Negro finds many jobs closed to him, and suffers from a dual wage scale. Yet his aspirations lie as high as those of the whites, and his education prepares him for a position he can not step into. And so, because of the caste system, the Negro has problems peculiarly his own. Some do not admit this, and, like Tom, cross the color line. Others, like the well-trained school teacher, find even jobs in colored colleges closed to them because they have very black skin, and their own people put a premium on light skin. This emphasis on color surprises some, but it forms the basis for much disunity within the Negro race. Rosalie's insanity and perverted behavior was undoubtedly linked closely with her dark color.

The overwhelming institutional and economic odds in favor of the whites leave the Negro powerless in the courts, on election day, or before a lynching mob. Both a cause and a result of this is that the race splits within itself. "D'you ever hear tell o' niggahs gettin' together on anything?" asks one; and another says, "Dey don't stan' up for each udder. Dat's de trouble." Some betray their kin and are hated for being "white folks' niggers." The old days of wanting to "have" some white folks for protection are passing. As with the new education the Negro wants the place he feels he deserves, the frustration becomes more and more acute when the place is denied him.

The first parts of the book seemed to me more terrible, expressing more powerfully the bitterness, the frustration, the despair. But the acute passion of resentment and despair is too exhausting to be all of life, and in the last section, the reader finds some of the love, some of the peacefulness of monotonous living, and some of the understanding which the author had gained as he learned to know more and more of his people.

You realize, as you read, the place of the author as a middle-class American having the same cultural heritage as has the rest of America, with special emphasis on the color and status of his group. The middle-class white reader suddenly understands what similar values and standards and hopes lie in these two middle-classes, his and the author's, classes which lie so close together and so distant from each other, so distrustful and misunderstanding of each other.

Dr. Redding presents no answer to the blind prejudice and the ruthless exploitation by the one group, the resentful despair of the other. There is no African Palestine to which the Negro can go; he knows little of an African background for it is foreign to him, an American. Dr. Redding does not believe that the answer lies in segregation. We know that separateness is the foundation of strangeness, in turn the opportunity for misunderstanding, and that the food for hatred and oppression. We do know that he wants for himself and for his race democracy and the spiritual and economic goods which America has bestowed on some but not all of its white people. The nearest he comes to an answer is the hope he has for a working together, for cooperation among the Negroes.

Perhaps the fact that no ready-made answer is  
(Continued on page 20)



# HYMAS (HINK) FLAXWAIL

By TONI LUFTON

Hink Flaxwail was a rabbit to all outward purposes, but he was also a psychologist: a psychologist of the first degree if you mean first degree in the sense that he was the first rabbit psychologist in the seventy-eighth degree longitude, thirty-fifth degree latitude.

Proof of the fact lies in his constant analizations of bunny attitudes and reactions. The time when five bunnies crossed the new mill stream to get on the other side to look at the first side from the other side, he realized that they were all yearning for a perspective. That was the general reason. Specifically, number one rushed to get away from it all before he came back to it all. Number two needed the perspective view of the old oak tree on the first side for a problem in perspective drawing. (This rabbit was an unimaginative, but sound technician.) Three sought perspective because he was far-sighted and wanted to see the side where he lived. Four was seeking an historical perspective of the events on side one of the stream. And number five was Hink Flaxwail himself who yearned for all kinds of perspectives in order to maintain his psychological reputation.

Grandpaw Leporidae was not a psychologist, but he was a sage, a philosopher without the name of psychologist. Hink Flaxwail claimed kinship to Grandpaw, and Grandpaw let the matter stay physically thus. The old rabbit's basic theory was "let the lingo of the times wear itself back to essentials."

Hink Flaxwail had a side to himself which he cultivated consciously and unconsciously. He was a lover. The female bunnies did not languish for his love because they had it. Hink was such a capable manager that he took the entire bunnyette population to his bosom.

There was Grandmaw Leporidae who saved the most choice bits of carrot tips for Hymas. She was entranced by his playful jests at her well-kept hair and hares. She loved for him to tweak her dog-bitten ear and call her sweetheart. Of course, Grandmaw never knew that Hymas was studying her reaction to the equal-basis treatment.

Aunt Cuni pretended that she detested Hink, as he was continually teasing her about her beaux. If Aunt Cuni hip-hopped down the path from work in the lettuce patch with Milas Cason, playboy bachelor, Hink would make a special trip to her burrow to tell her that Milas had evil designs on her too-innocent maidenhood. Secretly Aunt Cuni liked this encouragement, and Hink scored another victory in his catalogue of rabbit observations.

Mamas responded to his attention; little girls ate his bag of tender grasses. Hink kept up the good work and let his adoring Mother keep him up. All the while Hink's knowledge of psychological data accumulated.

But, of all Hink's successes, the major conquests were with the gay young misses and missuses. No one could ever accuse him of having that trite stream of flattery known as a "line," not a line, at any rate. Rather, Hink had a different approach for every girl, and he approached them all.

Hink knew when to stop in his steps of intimacy, as well as when to continue. Oryc Clo was a carefully reared young rabbit, eager for intellectual stimulation and understanding. She too, had made a special study of psychology, and, coupled with Hymas' thorough comprehension of the subject, her mentality broadened through experiencing experiments of varied types. The two were vitally concerned with both implicit and explicit responses to external and internal stimuli. Short hours were spent in the consideration of the cardio-vascular and

respiratory changes in individuals. Hymas found Oryc Clo one of his most interesting and worth while psychological experimentations.

It was indeed strange how many bunnyettes in Taratel Forest were concerned with psychology. Lou Logus, a bride of four years, longed to increase her amateur erudition in regard to motivation, with the help of the learned Hink Flaxwail. Lou had been having some matrimonial difficulties until Hink was consulted. After that Lou divorced her spouse.

Then, too, there were the girls who did not have the slightest interest in psychology. However, Hink was a well-rounded rodent, as his acquaintance with Gay Yro showed. Gay was just like a sister to Hink. She never lacked a comforting confidant in him, and, if she did succumb to his solicitations on the death of her mother-in-law, she attributed it to overwhelming grief and was soon back in the sister status.

Reclipse Waldo was one of Hink's good friends. She was a poetess, and Hink had a place in his heart for her, too. Truly, this girl was his ideal woman. He found her spiritually honest, and, if the nunnery had not been on the other side of Taratel Forest, she would have been the first to enter. As it was, Reclipse spent her life in search of elusive beauty, writing down her moments of ecstasy in rare verse.

As a result of Hink's quest for verification of his psychological theories, he occasionally studied the lower class of rabbits. He understood that rabbit-nature is basically the same, but he also realized the part that environment occupies in the formation of the living unit. In this section of town he acquired many subjects. Flossie Mandate was his most intriguing victim. She was good underneath her veneer, but, as the case often is, she got out of bed on the wrong foot. The consequences of tests on her supplied many gaps in Hink's education with full completion.

You remember that this account began "Hink was a rabbit." That is a literal statement, for the News and Monotony Paper also ran an account last week which announced "the death of one Hymas Flaxwail of Taratel Forest. The ladies wore black at the funeral; the men were somberly dressed in shades of red, white, and blue."

## TO MICHAEL

By NANCY KIRBY

My lord, my lover, my silent one,  
In this the hour of quiet,  
Night comes with slow lullabies of birds.

Time is not here,  
But darkening are the sunset clouds.

The river runs swift  
And cuts a channel hard and deep  
Through the plains of my youth,

And I must go into the hills  
While my heart lies dreaming in the meadow grass.

My lord, my lover, my lovely one,  
The meadow is green  
And the river is full of joy.

Kisses are sweeter  
Than silver tide of river-night,  
No time is here, but darkness comes.

And I go into the hills,  
While my heart lies dreaming,  
Dreaming, dreaming in the meadow grass.

# CAMP TO CAMPUS

From Pre-Flight Training at University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri.

... I am now at the University of Missouri where I am about to begin the college training preparatory to flying. Tonight we were issued our text books, and I am somewhat appalled and exhilarated at the same time (if that is possible) at the thought of going to college again. Appalled because several of the subjects appear to be very elementary, and exhilarated because I am about to get what promises to be a good course in math and physics—at long last.

I must confess that the prospect of going to college for a possible five months is displeasing to me, particularly because I feel it is unnecessary in wartime. However, what the army says—goes . . .

Except for the minor irritation of military discipline, I am about as far removed from a war as it is possible to be here, and this seems very wrong.

I am, for instance, living in a fraternity house which the Army has converted to its purpose. The draperies are gone from the windows, the sofas from before the fireplaces, and the grand piano from the corner; but even the Army cannot change all the manifestations of fraternal snobbery present here . . .

As if this were not enough, I am living at the moment (until the cadet officers decide to take over) in a room which possesses its own shower, bath, and sink.

My conscience is overburdened!

## ENGLAND

It's three A.P.O. numbers later, same war. Met a North Carolinian today—had a long talk about that wonderful place to kind of make sure it is still the real thing and that we hadn't just been idealizing it to the Yankees and Englishmen.

## ENGLAND

And as she hove into sight, England was the Terra Firma of my dreams. So far, I haven't seen much of the country, but it looks very interesting. I'm reading JEEVES by Wodehouse to get in the jolly mood of it, don't you know—tea at ten and four, bloody this and bloody that, corny jazz on short wave, "pubs" rather than bars, and just doing everything five hours earlier. I get paid shortly, and I think I'll bury the stuff, as it's more simple than making the change to English money.

## CAMP GRANT, ILL.

Just returned from the Service Club on the post and I want to talk about it. It started snowing again as I crossed the firebreak separating the 30th Br. and 31st Br. My right foot felt stronger than my left. My fears were confirmed as I sat down on the steps of building T 504. There was a hole in my right shoe. I could see four layers of leather very beauti-

fully arranged in a concentric fashion. Of course, I could just as easily have told you that my left foot felt stronger than my right. I may as well admit that the first choice is purely arbitrary. I arose and started afresh.

A member of the Military Police warned me about walking on the wrong side of the street.

The Service Club was sighted and I entered. The library is very nice and I checked a copy of beginner Spanish. I also made small talk with a librarian by the name of Miss Binder, but she repulsed me in the middle of my second sentence, thus thwarting me of a chance to ask her if she had a father named Booker. Also, it was very humiliating to see a lieutenant approach her and gently pat her gluteus maximus et minor.

Blind with rage, I careened out of the office into the public reading room to lose myself in literature. The first magazine that I picked up was the December copy of a publication known as The Brown Swiss Bulletin which was devoted to the best interests of the Alpine cow. Putting this down after noting how to improve my herd, I found a copy of the Alumni News of the Northern Illinois State Teacher's College.

Then I went out again into the snow.

## FORT DIX

Sunday afternoon in the barracks—the long rows of steel double-deckers with their khaki coverings; the lockers set so primly in rows along the center aisle, littered now with dust and papers and cigarette butts; the afternoon sun slanting its long rays through the dust-grimed window panes and silvering the weather-beaten floor where it strikes; the raw wood beams and two-by-fours which line the ceiling and walls and reveal the skeleton of the barracks; men huddled over writing pads on their knees; men sprawled grotesquely in sleep; men sitting blindly, their thoughts far away; the strains of Kostelanetz playing "Ave Maria" from my radio—this is Sunday afternoon in the barracks.

This will find you, if my calendar is right, somewhere between a tea-cup and a corsage. You have my best wishes for both affairs. Receptions amuse me—I constantly marvel at the trouble people will go through in order to exchange frozen-smiled civilities with people who do not interest them. A little society goes a long, long way.

A formal dance on the other hand has much to recommend it. It is then that women really emerge. In their long gowns and with gloved hands and bare, gleaming shoulders and perfect coiffures, they realize intuitively (I suppose) their greater power over men! Their eyes sparkle with scarcely-hidden thoughts; the most routine remark is amazingly heady and acts like a draught of old champagne so that the conversational ball becomes suddenly amazingly light and floats all silvery and gay from male to female, and back again.

MARCH, 1944

## TRINIDAD

Continuing in what I hope is not a mundane, boring account of the "Development and/or Deterioration of Values," I must say that when I first read your choice words, "relative importance of communication in art" etc., it was like a dash of cold water in the face, the sun breaking through clouds. To be brutally frank, I haven't been overly concerned with esthetic evaluation. I read all that I can find that is or promises to be good. Even the *Saturday Review of Literature* finds its academic way down here, though months late . . . My good friend Thoreau gets his share of attention. I have devoured a good share of best-sellers from "Hungry Hill" to the battle stories . . . Had my plays sent down recently, and what wonderful meals I am enjoying all over again. If it were not for the *New Yorker*, my sense of humor would pall. Re-re-rebroadcasts are needed toward us. Classical music takes its toll and suffers. Except for the Yeoman abroad who formerly played in Symphony, I would keel over from lack of musical sustenance. He and I share a musical library of a dozen books or so, worthy tomes all. We paid a great price for a broken fiddle which he repaired and now plays. A pitiful vignette is the scene when he plays and his fingering leaves something to be desired from lack of practice. We were fortunate enough to hear some Met singers on their wayward way back to civilization, a rare treat.

The well is far from dry, and the bucket is hanging near. Other things are considered to be more important than water at the present time. So I go about passing the buck, making ten copies, and gloating over a sun-shot that placed us within a mile of our Dead Reckoning track.

## CAMP GRANT, ILL.

P.S.—Sorry I had to use ink but my blood is frozen in this damyankee weather. Besides it clogs the pen so badly. Be a good girl and don't get hitched for two years (or the duration and six months).

## U.S.M.A.P., EASTON, PA.

For some odd reason or other the good lady must think I'm not on the books, and once again I just roll over between naps and wonder how they sense it all. Intuition? I've been using every week-end hunting fireworks and railroad flares, but no luck. They won't let me play with the guns over at the Armory any more either, they say I have a hell-awful gleam in my eye everytime I get my hands on the 30-30s.

It's cold as all blazes up here and I don't ever go out unless there's a great big reason, and a bigger fire, at the other end. Really my life is dull!!!—

## ENGLAND

I'm on an English billet (which must be derived from bullet) which is the only piece of furniture in the place. The paper slides between the covers. Say, read the rest of this in bed, will you? And if

you answer, do so from a reclining position. I've always wanted to engage in bedside correspondence. Develop my bedside manner, no less.

Anything you want to know about the war? I'm a censor.

## ARIZONA MANEUVERS

### DRY DESERT

SGT. W. E. BROCK, U. S. ARMY

In the Arizona Desert  
Camp Pilot is the spot;  
We're battling a terrific heat wave  
In the land God forgot.  
Just sitting here thinking  
Of what we left behind;  
We hate to put on paper  
What's running through our minds.

We wash our mess-kits daily  
And peel a million spuds,  
And pay out many dollars,  
To clean our daily duds.  
Out in the desert with a rifle,  
Down in a ditch with a pick,  
We're doing the work of an ox  
And too darn tired to kick.

Down with the snakes and lizards,  
Down where men get blue,  
Down in the very bottom,  
A thousand miles from you.  
At night the heat waves keep coming,  
It's more than a man can stand.  
No we're not convicts or criminals,  
But defenders of a mighty land.

We are soldiers of the Army  
Ground Forces,  
Earning our meagre pay;  
Guarding people with millions  
For a buck and a half a day.  
Living only for tomorrow,  
Lonely for our gals,  
Hoping that when we return  
They're not married to our pals.

What obstacles will confront us  
Is very hard to tell,  
Let's hope it's nice in Heaven,  
For we've served our time in hell.

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**FACULTY FOOTNOTES**

During her last year in law school, Miss Shivers and some of her colleagues were assigned to dream up the details on some particular criminal act for use in a practice law case. After thinking over a number of cases that they could invent, they finally hit upon the idea of committing their own crime so that they could have the details by eye witness.

At the appointed time and in a semi-secluded place, one of the boys whispered a few words to another and then pulled a cap pistol from his pocket and fired blankly at his friend. The other, who had a handful of tomato ketchup, clasped his hand to his chest and fell on the ground, moaning.

The case would have been more successful if some innocent bystander who could not tell ketchup from blood had not dashed away to tell the news to the sister and the brother of the victim. The sister, on hearing the dreadful news, fainted immediately, hitting her head on the corner of a table in the process. The brother, too, was completely stunned at the thought of the misfortune. A wire to the parents sent them into nervous prostrations.

When the court convened, Miss Shivers and her friends were the defendants instead of the lawyers. But they were quickly excused for having had "honorable intentions."

Speaking of cars, Dr. Jackson tells about one he used to have named "Thomas Jefferson." Now "Thomas Jefferson" was a "Tin Lizzy" of about 1920 vintage, but it was still hitting on about one cylinder in the 1930's. Dr. Jackson says that he seldom offered people rides in it because he didn't want to upset their nerves.

But one Sunday afternoon in the middle of June when the sidewalks were egg-frying temperature, he happened to pass a farm hand walking along a country road toward town. The young man was all decked out in a new wool suit, and he looked hot enough to melt and spread out over the pavement like butter. Dr. Jackson could not resist offering the fellow a ride.

"Would you like to ride to town?" he asked the man.

The stranger surveyed the car from one end to the other and finally centered his attention on a precarious sag in the roof. He hesitated for a minute, but then wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead he climbed into the "flivver."

Dr. Jackson had just begun to apologize for the state of his automobile when the farm hand spoke up and said: "Oh, that's okay, I ain't pertic'lar about who I rides with."

Not only the younger, but also the youngest generation takes lessons from the Woman's College professors. Not long ago, Mark Stephens, age four years, visited the Arnett household. Mark became quite impressed with Dr. Arnett during his stay in Greensboro; before he left he had learned to imitate the professor in many ways. The pay-off came just as Mark was putting on his wraps to go home: after dashing madly over the house, he finally yelled upstairs to his mother, "Mummie, where in God's name is my hat?"

Everyone in the class was sitting with her head propped up on her hands and her eyes just parted enough to seem open, yet just closed enough to keep out the few streaks of daylight from the windows. Outside, the rain was oozing monotonously down

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from the clouds. Miss Douglas was bravely carrying on a one-sided discussion of business cycles. At the end of one part of the lesson, she looked over the lifeless lumps in front of her and remarked, "You look like the alarm clock has yet to go off!"

Miss Taylor was explaining to the new students in French 208 that she has a habit of giving a short quiz at the beginning of every class period. "Now you'll have to become conditioned just like Pavlov's dogs," she said. "Only instead of salivating when the bell rings, you'll take out pencil and paper."

Miss Douglas tells about the colleague of hers in graduate school who named his old dilapidated car "Wages" because it always lagged behind everything else.

Last semester in Shakespeare, the class was discussing the "dram of e'il" in *Hamlet*. Dr. Bridgers asked Mary Alice Vann what a dram was; she answered that it was a very small quantity. Dr. Bridgers thanked her and added, "I'm glad you didn't say it was a certain part of a kilometer."

## YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from page 10)

In the middle of labor!" He scratched his head. "Remarkable!"

None of us said anything right away. I was thinking of Mattie. "Crazy fool, she doesn't even know what's good for her," half of me was saying. "She's messed up all our plans." And deeper down, "Oh, Mattie, you're noble, you're noble; all that pain, and you still want them! But you can't have them, Mattie; we know you shouldn't, and we're the ones that decide, not you, Mattie . . ."

"Tell them to go ahead with it," I said aloud. "It's the only sensible thing to do," Kathie declared.

"I agree," said Miss Vance.

"I'm sorry, ladies, but I'm afraid we can't proceed," Dr. Ward pronounced. "If she were delirious—. But sterilization has to be voluntarily agreed upon unless—"

"But we have the paper with her signature," protested Kathie, opening her pocketbook. "And a doctor's certificate that she was in sound mind at the time."

"The doctor upstairs says she's in sound mind now," shrugged Dr. Ward. "It's a woman's privilege to change her mind. And a citizen's right to dictate whether or not she shall be sterilized. Of course, she probably wouldn't make any fuss about it afterward, and it's unquestionably the best thing for her. If you want to go ahead, I suppose—" He looked at Miss Vance.

"Mr. Burton," she murmured, "doesn't know. I can't risk any trouble about it. You can see what a scandal it could be made into, girls," she pleaded. "I'd be nothing short of feeble-minded if I—"

Kathie and I both thought of it at once. "That's it," I cried. "Feeble-minded," Kathie exclaimed. "Mattie. She's feeble-minded. We proved it."

"What?" Miss Vance ejaculated.

"How?" demanded Dr. Ward.

"An intelligence test."

"One night in our flat we gave it to her—"

"We checked through carefully to make sure—"

"Because we never thought Mattie was dumb—"

We were both talking at once again.

Dr. Ward was already reaching for the 'phone.

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"Of course, it's not strictly professional evidence," he remarked, "but we can always give her another test if necessary—Hello, Copeland?"

Kathie and Miss Vance and I looked at each other, and all of us suddenly went and sat down. About that time, Mattie must have unconsciously sighed with relief, too. "Just in time," Dr. Ward came over to us. "The baby was just delivered, and they're proceeding to 'tie the tubes,' as Mattie put it. Who explained that to her, anyway?"

"I did," I admitted weakly. "We were very thorough."

"The sterilized patients in Illinois," quoted Kathie, "for various reasons, chiefly educational discipline, show a great improvement over their former record of sex delinquency."

"We were trying to provide the educational discipline," I said. It was a relief to laugh.

Mattie was entirely happy with our decision afterwards. "Ah sho' doan know what got intuh me dat tahn," she chuckled, when we brought Jeremiah and Napoleon, and Ernestine, and Timmy, and even Desdemona and Don John to see her the next Sunday. "Ah musta bin clean outah mah haid fo' true!" Mattie finished up her ice cream and regarded the chicken bones with great satisfaction as the nurse took away the tray. The children stared after her, and Timmy hung on the end of the bed and bounced impatiently. Kathie promised him some ice cream on the way home.

The baby was a girl, and it was perfectly darling. Mattie said if I didn't mind sharing the honors, she kind of thought she would name it Jo-Girl.

## ON NO DAY OF TRIUMPH

(Continued from page 14)

offered is a spur to our thinking. Certainly *No Day of Triumph* can be very important and tremendously useful as an opportunity for the uneducated white person to learn something of the problems, feelings, and attitudes that Negroes have.

As we read of daily riots and violent scenes, touched off more easily during the war tension, as a near-crisis on a trolley or some sneering word grips us with sudden nausea, we white people realize the importance of coming to understand our Negro brothers.

Be wild, my heart, you have good reason,  
Break, break within me for a season.  
Later the reckoning but for now  
Cry out and cry out, teaching me how  
It is with you. Your stillness terrifies.

—NANCY KIRBY.

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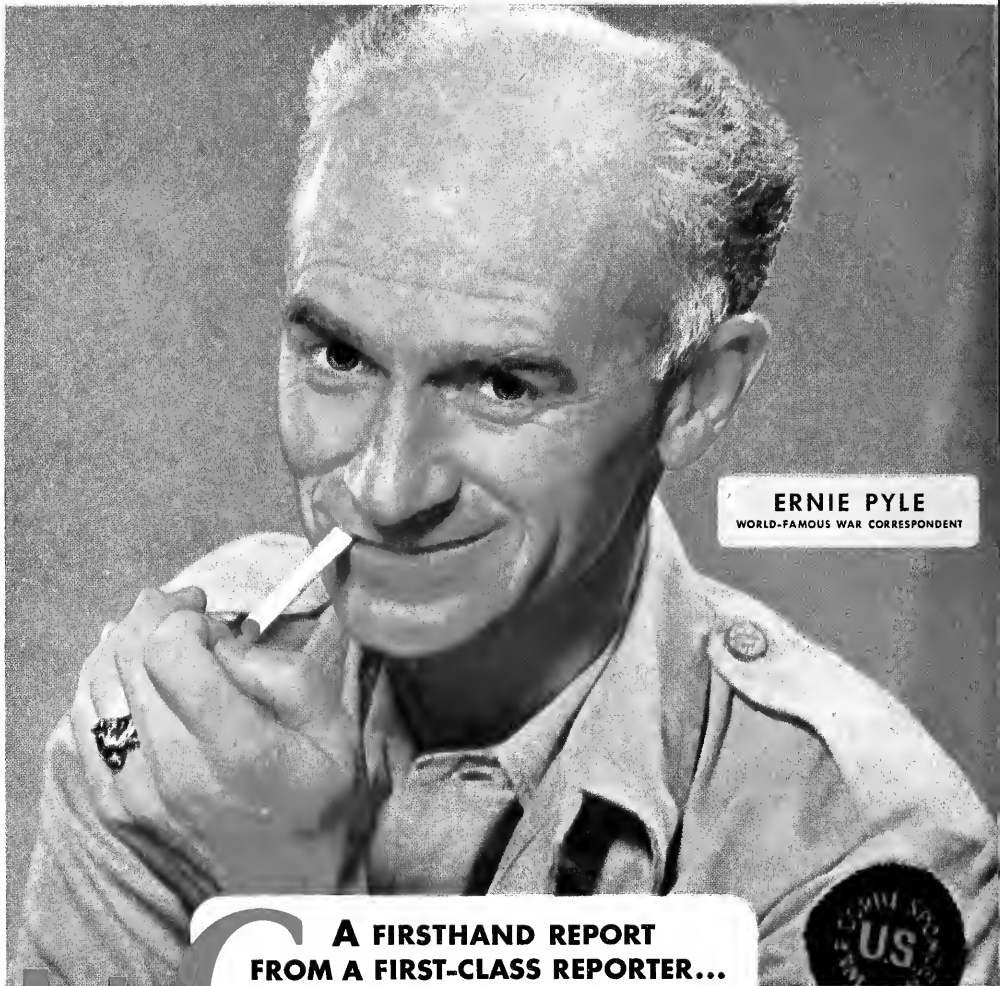


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